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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 24, 1901. NUMBER 8

A LITERARY MAN'S PRAYER.

☆

LORD, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that, as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and when that is done stop me, pay me what wages thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

NOTES 115
What is the Matter with our Theological Schools? 116
Immortality.—ALICE GORDON 117
GOOD POETRY—
Paul Hamilton Hoyne 118
Midnight 118
Sonnet 118
A Storm in the Distance 118
THE PULPIT—
The New Orthodoxy and the New Liberalism—REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN 118
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Old Testament Bible Stories by W. L. Sheldon; Chapter II. The Murder of Abel 121
Higher Living XIX 123
THE STUDY TABLE—
A New Contribution to Canadian History—J. W. C. 125
Our Baby's Journal—C. S. K. 125
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 126
A Cry of the Newsboy—*Edith M. Thomas* 126
Earning His way 126
Home Co-operation 126
THE FIELD—
Specimens of American Domestic Discipline—C. S. K. 126
Keokuk, Ia 126
State Conferences 126
The Cost of Sugar—Who Pays for it? 126
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 126

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays delivered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The *"Living Church,"* Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—*"Telegraph,"* Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—*"Advertiser,"* Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profiitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—*"Eagle,"* Brooklyn.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1901. NUMBER 8

Professor Scott, in *Science* of October 4, as copied in the *Literary Digest*, undertakes to show that birds can change their songs if they are put early enough under the tuition of other singers than those in their own family. If birds can change their songs with shifting environments, why should not preachers?

The illiterate is a menace to society; perhaps the "pan-literate," if we may coin a word, is also a real danger. The one who reads nothing and the one who tries to read everything, are both in a bad way. The real friends of culture are trying to circumvent the intellectual dangers that follow in the wake of public libraries, book clubs and reading rooms. One must read to live, not live to read. Having read, what do you know about it, and still more, what are you going to do about it and with it?

We commend to the young men and young women of our colleges and high schools the sane word which Miss M. Carey Thomas, the Dean of Bryn Mawr College, gave in her recent address at the opening of the school year.

"The greatest number of the English-speaking race today are Americans, and it is our duty and your duty as college women to uphold the standard of English speech and to speak good, pure, simple English. In all probability in the future the English spoken by Americans will come to be, simply on account of our greater numbers, the standard of English throughout the world. We must see to it that in our mouths it loses nothing of its wonderful beauty."

In the address on "Publicity," by William Kent, and our editorial on the same, recently published, our readers were shown the encouraging advance in municipal integrity achieved by Chicago in recent years. That most of this advance has been achieved under a nominal democratic administration is more to the advantage than to the credit of that party. No one has profited by this publicity more than Chicago's mayor, Carter Harrison. The development of civic conscience and the growth of public spirit promise, as Mr. Kent put it, "to make an all-around mayor in the end," of the present incumbent. We are glad to record a hopeful indication of an awakening life in the republican party of Chicago, which party, though enjoying a handsome majority in federal issues, has suffered successive defeats in local issues all on account of the scandalous leadership and the mal-odorous quality of the local machine. Last week there was a preliminary rally of the right minded republicans in the sixth ward, one of the most favored wards in any city in the world, a ward largely lying in the prohibition district, representing intelligent and, for the large part, prosperous people, a ward which has seen an overwhelming republican majority dwindle almost into a minority in municipal elections for reasons indicated above. Over two hundred republicans were in attendance and "Down with the bosses and death to the existing machine' was its rallying cry. One of the speakers, not wholly emancipated from machine methods, naively admitted that he "did not object to be voted by another, but he did not like the other one to boast of it and to tell everybody about it." All the speakers seemed to assume that the city of Chicago needed a business-like administration of its affairs, rather than the continued success of the "bhoys." Here is another case where there is need of "more light."

It would look as if even Tammany must surrender to the light. It has survived by virtue of secrecy. Its "bosses" have been able to "boss" only so long as they have kept their own counsel and conserved their secrets. The *Literary Digest* of October 19 has rendered great political service in its altogether too brief account of New York's Tammany Hall. Although it has been a most familiar phrase in the current press for over half a century, how few intelligent people know even the origin of its name, the date of its foundation, still less the true inwardness of its work. In common with perhaps thousands of others we confess, to our ignorance, in these lines until the above enlightenment. Now we know that Tammany comes from Tammanend, the name of an Indian chief who treated with William Penn; that the society was organized May 12, 1789, by one, Mooney, a New York upholsterer; that Aaron Burr was its first leader; so we find that Fernando Wood and William Tweed and John Kelly and Richard Croker are in the line of a long and consistent apostolic succession committed to political intrigue and official peculation, for the original Mooney, who rose to be the keeper of the city almshouse, was found short in his accounts to the extent of five thousand dollars, besides a running account under the head of "Trifles for Mrs. Mooney." We learn further that there is a "History of Tammany Hall" at last, written "by one who tries to tell the truth." But no New York publisher was found who cared to "lock horns with Tammany Hall," and so the book is being printed by private subscription. If New York only knew all about Tammany, even Tammany would, like the Arab, "fold its tent and silently steal away." Let other periodicals follow the brave lead of the *Literary Digest* and tell all the truth available concerning Tammany, past, present and perspective. Again we say, "Let in the light."

While the various state federations of women's clubs were nervously scheming to keep the "color question" out of their sacred "social" precincts, President Roosevelt in the simple unconscious directness of manly independence invited Booker T. Washington to dinner, cutting thereby, we suspect, for sensible people in the United States, forever the Gordian knot that has been such a terror and perplexity to the dames who are

the self-appointed guardians of "Society." Meanwhile Mr. Washington's daughter is a welcome student at Wellesley, and a Texan girl of color has been admitted, not without a nervous chill, into one of the dormitories of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ills. But if we mistake not, the Methodists can be trusted in this matter. There is too much democratic integrity and spiritual sincerity in the Methodist Church to be stampeded by a band of sentimental girls or their supercillious mammas. The colored girl, we think, is there to stay, so long as she conforms to the requirements of scholarship and ladylike deportment. The sooner the white people, North and South, men and women, in clubs and out of them, realize that the gentleman and the lady are never conditioned by the distinction of brunette and blonde however pronounced, but that it is always a spiritual quality, the better it will be for them. Refinement, courtesy and character have reached, and can reach, all the way from the Albino to the African, and it becomes the spirit of democracy to recognize such whenever and wherever found. To offer an indignity to any because of too much or too little bleaching of the skin will yet become a matter of bad form, as it now is of bad morals. The old ethnology undertook to justify slavery on the ground of the permanency of race distinctions; the new ethnology is at its wit's end to know how to survey race lines in such a way as to serve and not to confuse the scientific study of the *genus homo,* so flexible are they and so little is the measuring value they have in the realm of morals and intellect.

What is the Matter with Our Theological Schools?

And now it is the Chicago University that confesses to a decline in the attendance at the Divinity School. From Congregationalist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Unitarian comes the same confession of a decline in the number of candidates for the ministry. We are inclined to interpret this decline as most encouraging evidence of a growth in religion. The American youths have grown tired of the disputations rife among the sects of Protestantism. Denominational statistics and sectarian propaganda seem to them an inadequate motive in life. To keep alive a starving church in a town already steeple-ridden, is not a task that challenges the highest energies of a young man or woman; still less does the purpose to go into that same town and crowd in one more, even though it be a better sort, seem an adequate justification for years of preparation and then a life-long consecration.

Let there appear on the horizon a theological school whose rallying cry is "A truce to dogmatic warfare! Our cause is a cause of harmony! Our quest is a synthesis of religious forces of the country. We seek to reduce the number and increase the efficiency of churches in the community. We seek a new catholicism. We study how to unite. In love and patience we will seek to dismantle the fortresses of sectarianism, to liberate the community from that short range loyalty to denomination which is too often made identical with religious loyalty and spiritual fidelity." And there will be seen a long line of high-minded, pure-hearted, strong-willed young men and women turning their faces in that direction.

When a theological school appears that is courageous enough to sift the missionary statistics of the denominations, to tabulate the dead and dying churches as well as the living and growing ones, to prick the honest inflations of the secretaries and to discount the enthusiasm of the functionaries who at conferences and conventions unwittingly identify their statistics with the cause of truth and religion; when we have theological schools that are sufficiently true to the scientific method to show that what was once a sufficient point of departure and a justification for new methods and unique organizations, does not necessarily justify the perpetuation of the high handed waste of human energy and material capital; when we have theological schools that can rise above the influence of the vested interest represented by the publishing houses, denominational organs, tract societies and the official functionaries reaching from bishops and synods down to the subsidized missionary in the mountain who must have some "tangible" evidence of work done if he is to secure a continuation of approbation from eastern headquarters, then will we have schools that will challenge the interest of truth-seekers and will draw young men and young women who would like to serve the cause of a religion that will be in league with science, that yields to the last pressure of evolution, i. e., the pressure of combination, co-operation, social, rather than theological interpretations of the spiritual life.

It is an open secret in academic circles that the theological schools of the country are more dominated over by traditions, past issues and old controversies than any other professional schools in the land. It is a well-known fact that just in proportion as the professors in the theological schools accept the conclusions of advanced scholarship, yield to the academic necessities of study in theological realms, in that proportion have they been suspected and their work minimized if, indeed, they are tolerated at all. In proof of this assertion we need but mention the names of Doctors Briggs and McGiffert, in New York, and Gilbert and Foster, in Chicago.

That there is a great revolution taking place in the theological world no one can doubt who has, to any degree, kept himself in touch with the thought and thinking of our day. This revolution is all the more profound because quiet, it is the more far reaching because it is largely silent; it is, indeed, a revolution brought about by evolution. It is growth, and not reform.

As further indication of this new spirit and explanation of the decadence in our theological schools, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the sermon by Dr. Washington Gladden, published in another column, a sermon inspired by the eventful sermon of Mr. Gannett, printed in our issue of Oct. 3, 1901.

As another indication of the times, we print entire the following open letter of an Episcopal clergyman,

not because we desire to meddle with the denominational brethren, but because Mr. Crapsey has so well stated the perplexity that reaches far beyond the so-called "new possessions" of the United States. The reasons against theological invasion of fields already pre-empted by other denominations and too much occupied by rival sects, have application though not so pertinent, to other than Episcopalian missionaries, to other than island territories. Brethren, let the work be united where the interests are identical, even though the result be fewer preachers but better preaching. But here is the

OPEN LETTER.

TO THE REV. CHAS. H. BRENT.

ST. ANDREW'S RECTORY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. BRENT: If I could have read with pleasure of the election of any man as missionary bishop of the Philippine Islands, certainly I could have had no greater pleasure than to see your name as that of the man chosen for that field. If we must have a bishop in the Philippines no abler nor better man could be selected than yourself. That I do not view your election with entire satisfaction is owing to the fact that I do not believe the Protestant Episcopal Church should send any bishop to the Philippine Islands nor establish any ecclesiastical jurisdiction therein.

My reason for deprecating the establishment of a Protestant Episcopal diocese in those islands arises from the fact that the people of the islands are Christians and have been Christians for generations. In every village is a Christian congregation with its Christian pastors, and Christian bishops have oversight of the churches. Our entrance into that field will be of the nature of an intrusion. We will not be preaching the gospel to the heathen, but to Christians, which, in the present state of affairs, is both useless and dangerous.

If we say that the form of Christianity in those islands is corrupt and must be destroyed we make ourselves judges of other men's lives and are trying to cast the mote out of our brother's eye altogether regardless of the beam that is in our own eye. Is our commercial religion so pure, so Christlike that we can afford to look down upon and despise the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow Christians?

We Americans are in the Philippine Islands by virtue of our military power. The people do not want us there; a very large number of our own people do not think we ought to be there and the occupation and government of the islands present the gravest problems that our government has ever had to deal with. Now if we add to these complications religious rivalry and bitterness; if every Protestant denomination rushes in there not to build up the kingdom of God, but to secure denominational advantage and prestige, then we make a bad condition worse and the work of pacification much more difficult than it is at present. Surely the people of those islands have suffered enough without having forced upon them all the evils and discords of sectarian Protestantism.

It seems to many of us that we should leave the schools and other agencies of our civilization free to do their work and when that work is done leave the Philippine Islands to develop their religious life naturally along the lines of their history.

It is impossible that any new form of Christianity should take root in that soil. Experience teaches that the seed of the Reformation is sterile in lands long under the influence of the Latin race. Our missions have been barren in Mexico and in South America and they will be barren in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico.

Even if there were hope of effecting any great good by the establishment in the Philippines of a Protestant Episcopate, the Episcopal church is not, in its corporate capacity, in any condition, at present, to undertake that work. The board of missions has reported a deficiency of $100,000. At last reports that deficiency had not been made up, nor was there any prospect that it would be made up. How a corporation which is $100,000 in debt can assume new obligations, I do not understand.

In my opinion this deficiency does not arise from inattention on the part of the clergy, nor from unwillingness to give on the part of the people, but from growing dissatisfaction with the methods and results of missionary work.

The missionary boards should open their eyes to the fact that men and women are ceasing to give to missionary funds. I have knowledge of persons who are giving many thousands of dollars every year to works of charity and religion who have almost, if not entirely, ceased to contribute to the treasury of missionary boards and societies. And they are doing this from conscientious motives. They do not believe that the cause of Christ or the prosperity of His kingdom will ever be furthered by present missionary methods.

The Protestant Episcopal church contains less than 2 per cent of the population of the United States. It is engaged in the task of striving to give its doctrine, discipline and worship to the people of this country. In common with all organized forms of Christianity it has a great duty—which it does not fulfill—to the colored people of the South, to say nothing of the multitudes who throng our great cities and live in the lonely, paganized rural districts. With these great works lying almost untouched, we are not, in my judgment, justified in undertaking the conversion not only of the countless millions of heathen in China, Japan and Africa, but also of the millions of Christians in the Philippine islands, in Cuba and Porto Rico, and, why not? in Europe.

I do not believe that the missionary board has any right to increase its expenses with the expectation that such increase will be met by the increased offerings of the people. The spiritual needs of the few Episcopalians who at any time may be in the Philippine islands can be well met by the services of the army chaplains, and if at any time they should feel that they need the office and work of a bishop, let them elect him and support him.

I hope, my dear Mr. Brent, that you will not leave the great work that you are doing in Boston, to become the private chaplain of a few transient residents in a foreign land, and still less that you will give yourself to the hopeless task of trying to change a form of Christianity which does not need changing—only betterment. Let us leave to our Roman Catholic brethren the work that lies upon them of readjusting their church to its new conditions.

You know me well enough to be sure that I do not write as the advocate of the Roman church, nor even of Catholicism, but as the advocate of that kingdom of love and joy and peace which must suffer from the introduction of religious strife and hatred into our newly conquered dominions.

I trust you will pardon me for intruding upon you at this time, but my zeal for the cause we both have at heart constrains me. I cannot be silent in the presence of what I consider to be a great mistake.

I write this letter not only to you, but to the Episcopal church at large, and, indeed, to all Christians, and so give it as wide a publicity as I can.

Assuring you of my warm affection and high regard, I remain, Your sincere friend, ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY.

Rev. Charles H. Brent, St. Stephen's Church, Boston.

"Immortality."

As to the bough bereft, a trust prophetic,
Speaks of the hidden bud, so must the spirit,
By sorrow taught, know from the dust of matter
It shall arise again.

Again, oh gracious thought the soul uplifting,
As far the ages vast unroll triumphant
To seek the ever forward goal untiring,
We shall be born again.

To see once more the pure ideal shining,
Leading with fire and cloud the leal soul onward,
To give a truer service, real, unfailng,
I shall be born again.

Unto another battle-field, twice armored,
To fight anew with sword and shield undaunted,
To win the victory, nor yield faint-hearted,
I shall be born again.

Into the form my soul hath wrought unthinking,
Unto the life my life hath bought unknowing,
Unto the path my feet hath sought unceasing,
I shall be born again.

ALICE GORDON.

The Marquis of Graham, delivering an address lately in Glasgow upon the study of Gaelic, said that once when visiting a port on the west coast of Africa, he had asked a negro what language was spoken by the colored population of the town. The darky answered: "Oh, massa, here we speak sixty English languages." What the man meant was that the inhabitants, who were mostly liberated slaves brought to the place by various rBitish men-of-war, all spoke English, but with scores of different varieties of dialect and accent.—*The Christian Life.*

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PAUL HAMILTON HOYNE.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His English progenitors settled in Charleston in early colonial days and furnished patriots and statesmen to America. After graduation from Charleston College, he adopted literature as his profession, and became editor of the *Literary Monthly Magazine*. He served through the Civil War on Governor Pickens' staff. When war swept away his library and in fact all his property, he settled in the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia, where he lived practically in exile until his death.

Midnight.

The moon, a ghost of her sweet self,
  And wading through a watery cloud,
  Which wraps her luster like a shroud,
Creeps up the gray, funereal sky,
    Wearily! how wearily!
The wind, with low, bewildered wail,
  A homeless spirit, sadly lost,
  Sweeps shuddering o'er the pallid frost,
And faints afar, with heart-sick sigh,
    Drearily! how drearily!
And now a deathly stillness falls
  On earth and heaven, save when the shrill,
  Malignant owl o'er heath and hill
Smites the wan silence with a cry,
    Eerily! how eerily!

Sonnet.

In the deep hollow of this sheltered dell
  I hear the rude winds chant their giant staves.
  Far, far beyond me, where in darkening waves
The airy seas of cloudland sink or swell.

No faint breeze stirs the wild-flower's soundless bell,
  Here in the quiet vale, whose rivulet laves
  Banks silent almost as those desert graves
Whereof the worn Zaharan wanderers tell.

Oh, thus from out still depths of tranquil doom
My soul beyond her views life's turmoil vast,
Hearkening the windy roar and rage of men,

Vain to her eyes as shades from cloudland cast,
And to her ears, like far-off winds that boom,
Heard, but scarce heard, in this Arcadian glen!

A Storm in the Distance.

I see the cloud-born squadrons of the gale,
  Their lines of rain like glittering spears deprest
(While all the affrighted land grows darkly pale),
  In flashing charge on earth's half-shielded breast;

Sounds like the rush of trampling columns float
  From that fierce conflict; volleyed thunders peal,
Blent with the maddened wind's wild bugle-note;
  The lightning's flash, the solid woodlands reel!

Ha! many a foliaged guardian of the height,
  Majestic pine or chestnut, riven and bare,
Falls in the rage of that aerial fight,
  Led by the Prince of all the powers of air!

Vast boughs, like shattered banners hurtling fly
  Down the thick tumult; while, like emerald snow,
Millions of orphaned leaves make wild the sky,
  Or drift in shuddering helplessness below.

Still, still, the levelled lances of the rain
  At earth's half-shielded breast take glittering aim;
All space is rife with fury, racked with pain,
  Earth bathed in vapor, and heaven rent by flame!

At last the cloud-battalions through long rifts
  Of luminous mists retire; . . . the strife is done;
And earth once more her wounded beauty lifts
  To meet the healing kisses of the sun.

THE PULPIT.

The New Orthodoxy and the New Liberalism.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF COLUMBUS, O., OCT. 13, BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

For we know in part and we prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come that which is in part shall be done away.—1 Cor. xiii, 10.

There would be less trouble about our partial knowledge if we only recognized it as partial. The trouble arises from our thinking that a part is the whole. One child gets a piece of the broken vase and says, "This is the vase." Another picks up another fragment and insists that he has it all. When they compare their bits they are not alike, and each accuses the other of fraud or imposture. If all the children would bring their pieces and put them together they might be able to see what the vase was like before it was broken, and their strife among themselves would cease.

The parable perfectly illustrates the disputes of the religious sectarians. Each has a part of the truth, but each imagines his part to be the whole and hence the conflict among them. It will end by the recognition of the fragmentary character of these divisions and an earnest attempt to put them together, each in its place. When that which is perfect is come that which is in part shall be done away.

I believe that the night of analysis in theology is well spent and that the day of synthesis is at hand. A beautiful illustration of this tendency is before me and I desire to share with you the comfort it has given me. You will bear me witness that I do not often talk about other people's theology; the function of the pulpit, as I conceive it, is not criticism; I can find something better to do than to pick flaws in my neighbor's opinions, or even curiously to consider what my neighbors' opinions are. But it may sometimes be a grateful and a useful service to draw attention to words of generous sympathy and appreciation coming from those who are not of our way of thinking; and I am sure you will be glad to hear something of an address recently delivered in that "Tent Evangelist" at Buffalo, of which some of you have heard and the interior of which some of you have seen. The tent itself, by the way, is a sign of the times; it was provided by the editor and proprietor of the New York Evangelist—the leading Presbyterian newspaper of the metropolis; and it has been opened to Christians of all names—Orthodox and Heterodox—for services during the summer evenings. It has really been a tent of meeting—a tabernacle of unity, a visible manifestation of the spirit of fraternity which is drawing into closer fellowship the divided bands of Christian believers.

The address† to which I refer was delivered in this Tent June 28 by the Rev. William C. Gannett, of Rochester. Mr. Gannett is the son of the Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, who was the successor of Dr. Channing in the First (Unitarian) Church at Boston. The father was a saintly man, greatly beloved by all Christians in Boston, and one of the conservative type of Unitarians. The son has been ranked among the more progressive men of that communion, but he has not progressed so far as to be out of touch with his Christian brethren, as you will see.

You know him best as a poet perhaps; some of the most beautiful of the modern hymns are from his pen; we sang one of them at the beginning of this service and we will sing another at its close. When our hearts find utterance in prayer and praise we all come together; orthodoxy and heterodoxy are forgotten then. Is it not, by the way, somewhat significant that the two hymns to which the dying breath

† The New Orthodoxy, the New Unitarianism, and the New Universalism—Should they be Three or One. Printed in Unity Oct. 3, 1901.

of our President—who was a devout Methodist—has added new sacredness—"Lead Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God, To Thee"—were written, one of them by a Roman Catholic, Cardinal Newman, and the other by a Unitarian, Sarah Fuller Adams? The most orthodox of Protestants sing the hymns with no suspicion of any flaw in the doctrine. And the hymns of this other Unitarian, Mr. Gannett, before whose memorable address we are lingering too long, are full of the very spirit of the gospel of Christ.

It was a meeting of the "Congress of Religion," that took Mr. Gannett to Buffalo, and when there he was invited to speak in the Tent Evangelist as a representative of this congress. Those present were mainly representatives of the faiths called "liberal," with a sprinkling of those who do not particularly care to be labeled "liberal," but who wish to be liberal in a sense somewhat larger than that sometimes given to the word. The subject of the address is the New Orthodoxy; and it is an honest effort to state what is the substance of the truth held and taught by those who represent this movement; to estimate it fairly and to discover the points of contact and resemblance between it and the phase of thought represented by the speaker. For he tells us that there is a New Unitarianism and a New Universalism, as well as a New Orthodoxy—though he does not define the two named first so carefully as he defines the last. His question is whether the term should not be one. And his answer is: "*Reconciliation should be the key-note of twentieth century religion.* Not the controverting of error, not even the discovery of truth, but reconciliation among truth-seekers—is not this the special demand of our day in the things of religion?"

This does not, he argues, involve any lack of reverence for the men of former generations who mightily contended for the ethical theology by which the ancient Calvinism has been superseded. Those men fought a good fight and the value of their contention has been abundantly recognized. "But Channing and Ware and Ballou and their comrades," so he goes on, "were of yesterday. Since their day forces have gradually come into play in which Unitarianism and Universalism are lost as the day star is lost in the morning. What forces? Science, expanding, deepening, subtlizing the meaning of nature and therefore the meaning of 'God.'. Historic criticism revising all our ideas concerning the religion and Bibles of men; commerce and trade and the diffusion of books, widening the human fellowships; the great democratic movement of the century, embracing the value of the individual and the dignity of human nature; and the great Socialistic movement, in which we are living today and learning what brotherhood means and demands. When we name such forces as these we almost forget that there is such a thing as Unitarianism or Universalism. Profoundly we feel that they mark, not make, the great liberal movement in Christianity. No church, no religion, can wholly resist forces so potent as these. And every one of these forces has tended to bring men together, in mind, in heart, in practical life. They are forces of fellowship, of confederation, of union; and they work to this end in religion as everywhere else."

We are dealing here, you see, with a man who takes large views of things; who does not imagine that the small company to which he belongs has a monopoly of the light of the world. Let us see now what he regards as the most notable sign of the times. It is the increasing domination of doctrine by principles. Doctrines are theoretical; principles are practical. And what are the principles which this keen observer sees prevailing in the life of modern Christendom? They are these four: "Freedom, the *method* in religion in place of authority and tradition; Fellowship, the *spirit* in religion, in place of sectarianism; Character, the *test* in religion, instead of ritual or creed; and Salvation of others, the *aim* in religion, instead of the salvation of self." These he says have been the principles hitherto recognized as central and regnant by the liberals; "but today three of the four—exception must as yet be made of the second—are emphasized no more strongly by us than by many an eloquent voice in the Orthodox churches. These are the principles shared by all liberals, whatever their church be called. To hold them supreme in religion makes one a 'liberal' whether he be Jew or Christian, whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist."

Let us see whether this statement expresses our own deepest thought. Is it true of us that freedom is recognized by us as the method in religious thought instead of authority and tradition? Do we believe that it is necessary for every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind of the religious truth which he accepts: that no man must be coerced, by any kind of pressure, into professing to believe what does not seem to him true; that no man must even try to force his own assent to any doctrinal statement; but must hold his mind open for light and be ready to believe what appears to him to be true? I think that to most of us this seems to be the right way. We do not try to constrain people to accept our ideas. We do not blame them for not thinking as we do. We do not wish them to do violence to their own convictions in order to agree with us. We believe that it is only through entire freedom of thought that men can reach any satisfying or profitable conviction of religious truth.

How about fellowship? This is the point at which Mr. Gannett thinks we fail. How far are we ready to recognize as Christians and to co-operate with those who differ from us in belief? There may be some lingering narrowness here, but I hope that it is disappearing.

As to the other two points I am sure that there can be no question. That character, not creed, is the test of religion nobody here denies. We know that it is by what we are and not by what we say that we believe, that we must be judged. This is not a very new orthodoxy; "By their fruits ye shall know them" was said a good while ago. Yet it is true that the emphasis has too often been placed upon creed or ritual rather than character, and we are glad to believe that this emphasis has been greatly changed within the past half century; that it is put back Jesus put it, upon the life rather than upon the opinion.

And I hope we can all rejoice in Mr. Gannett's testimony, when he says that "in all churches today—the orthodox, perhaps, lead the liberals in this—men are insisting that the aim in religion is *service*. That is social, not personal, salvation."

If these things constitute the essence of liberalism—a clear recognition of the fact that faith consists only with freedom; a readiness to give the right hand of fellowship to good men who differ with us in belief; a persuasion of the truth that character and not opinion is the supreme thing in religion, and a practical assent to the idea that no man is being saved who is not trying to be a savior—then I hope that most of us are ready to confess that we are not ashamed to be called liberals.

But Mr. Gannett tells us that along with the transference of emphasis from doctrines to principles, some important changes in the doctrines themselves have taken place. These changes are, the rediscovery of divine Fatherhood, with all that it implies respecting the nature of man and the right relation of men to one another: "The appreciation of Jesus as most truly divine because most truly human,"—the fact that he is by eminence the Son of God being demonstrated by our discovery of the fact that he is by eminence the son of man; "the application of human ethics to cool the lavas of hell; the return of the

Bible to literature; the recognition that all religions are of one family and that 'religion unites those whom theology divides.'" No one can question that the modification of theology has been along the lines here indicated and Mr. Gannett strongly says that these results have been reached as fully by what he calls the new orthodoxy as by the liberal Christians. Of these salutory changes, he insists, the liberals have no monopoly; the spirit of light and liberty has been working among the other churches just as powerfully as among those known as liberal.

There are, indeed, certain differences still existing between the beliefs of the new orthodoxy and those of the people who call themselves liberals. In the thought of the Christ and of the Cross these differences chiefly appear. But see how this large-hearted liberal can discern and rejoice in and appropriate the substance of the truth which the orthodox hold even here. He does not find it necessary to controvert and dispute them on these points of divergence; he rather wishes to appreciate their belief and find the values in it which are precious to them. Listen to him:

> The New Orthodoxy is Christo-centric! Is it not plain that the more "Christo-centric" it becomes—that is, the more "Christ" becomes to it the symbol of the all-creative Immanent Power, operating in Nature, in History, and in the Personal Soul—the more the difference between this Christ and the Being whom we call "Our Father" reduces itself to a difference of *name?* Should difference in name, in symbol, work divorce in religion? There are Trinities, if one value such computation and term, which all of us can believe in, and all of us do. At the same time this centric Christ of the new orthodoxy is increasingly *human;* there is no doubt of that. . . . Now from our side: shallow in mind and contracted of heart is that Unitarian or Universalist who does not increasingly recognize "Incarnation" as one of the supreme words of religion, ranking next to "God" itself in majesty of significance. . . . Evolution presses the word incarnation upon our lips and shrines the awe of the fact in our hearts.
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> So also in regard to the Cross or Vicarious Atonement, the other great half of the Christo-centric theology. The new orthodoxy, like ourselves, is more than beginning to recognize Vicarious Atonement as a law of the universe, while claiming, of course, that *Jesus' death on the cross is the supreme example and type of the law.* The "law" of vicariousness is that no man liveth and no man dieth unto himself; that, first or last, the sin of one becomes the woe of many, and the virtue of one the blessing and joy of many; and further, *that by means of the fellowship of unearned peace and unearned penalty God is slowly uplifting the race, at-one-ing it with himself.* . . . The Cross is another of the universal symbols—symbol of self-sacrifice everywhere fulfilling itself in widening salvation.

Has not this Liberal—putting away from him the spirit of the disputer and the caviller and the denier, and turning with open face and loving mind to look with us upon the things that are precious to us, really seen into the heart of them? Can any of us quarrel very much with such a Liberal as this? Is not his faith essentially the same as ours?

I wish that I could give you in full, and graphically, as he has represented it, his comparison of the old doctrines of Christianity, with the new doctrines; those which were held by our grandfathers with those which are accepted and taught by the New Orthodoxy and the new Liberalism of today. He has put them in parallel lists—the old forms and the new forms. And what, do you imagine, is the purpose of this comparison—to cast contempt on the old form? Not at all. The fact which he desires to have us observe is that the old forms and the new are related to each other, not as falsehood to truth or as darkness to light, but as seed to fruit, or better as symbol to reality.

Then in the old way of thinking we thought of "God over all," while in the new we think of "God in all"; in the old we talked of "Original Sin," in the new we talk of "Heredity"; in the old we spoke of "Future Judgment," in the new we speak of "Moral Cause and Consequence, always and everywhere operative"; in the old we thought of "Heaven as a prize and Hell as a penalty, both of them localized and future;" in the new we think of "Heaven and Hell as states of the soul—its peace and its pang in this life and in all lives." One of the clearest of these couplets is that in which he puts on one side the single word "Sin," as the old catagory—and on the other this pregnant resume: "Sin still—the same old thing. Two courses being open, one felt to be morally higher, one morally lower, 'Sin' was and it is *the conscious, deliberate choice of the lower.* The same old thing—but with better understanding of its natural history."

What is the essential difference, I want to know, between one who looks at these deep facts of life in this way, and ourselves? Is he not in mind and heart one of ourselves? When he comes to the end of this comparison between the old way of stating things and the new way this is his comment:

> Such an arrangement as this . . . is anything but an arraignment of old Orthodoxy. It is a bright page from the century's chronicle of evolution in theology. The fact, the truth, is immensely more than men dreamed; and the old doctrine, not good enough now to define, *is still held good enough to suggest,* being not so much untrue as not true enough for the vision and faith of to-day. . . . All these old doctrines evolved by the child mind of Christendom are like kindergarten object lessons, concrete, dramatized, pictured and colored; natural enough at the time of their advent; and for centuries serviceable, truth-suggesting. But in each case the child's kindergarten object lesson has now opened into a whole chapter of Nature. Thanking God for his lesson shall we shut heart to his chapter? The object lesson, once doctrine, now symbol, may or may not be discarded in time—the truth held in it will only grow plainer. While the symbol survives—frankly as symbol, not more—new expansion of meaning may rise in it. And whereas the old theology or attempted scientific definition of truth has been doomed, and is doomed to divide men, as "symbol" of truth, as *a poetry of the soul for infinite laws and ineffable realities,* it may even tend to reconcile and unite men.

A more luminous statement could not be made of the true position of men like Phillips Brooks, who, with their minds full of the light of the new day have remained in the old churches—using their formularies *not as definitions but as symbols,* and reading unto them the larger meanings which the growing years must bring. This is the truth which Auguste Sabatier, one of the great theologians of modern times, has so strongly expressed in his little book on "The Vitality of Christian Dogmas," in which he says:

> We have kept and still keep the dogmas of early times; but we pour from out them unconsciously a new meaning. The terms do not change, but the ideas and their interpretation are renewed with each generation. . . . There is not a single dogma dating from two or three centuries back which is repeated with the same meaning as in its origination. We still speak of the inspiration of the prophets and of the apostles, of the Atonement, of the Trinity, of the Divinity of Christ, of miracles; but whether in a greater or lesser degree, we understand them differently from our fathers. The river flows on, even when the waters are apparently stagnant at the surface.

This is the great fact which Mr. Gannett has enough sympathetic insight to discern, and it enables him to do justice to men in the old communions who have refused to be Comeouters; who have determined to stay where they were born, witnessing to and rejoicing in the light which is seen sooner or later to break forth in the darkest of the sect; suffering censure and suspicion, if need be, among their brethren, through their fidelity to truth as they see it, rather than go forth from among them, breaking the bonds of a sacred fellowship and putting themselves in the attitude of antagonism to those with whom in the deepest purposes of their hearts they are united. Here is a Liberal who has vision enough to see what these men mean and to honor and praise them for it.

I said that Mr. Gannett does not define the New Liberalism so carefuly as he defines the New Orthodoxy; but he does a better thing, he exemplifies it. For I think that I can see, between the kind of Liberalism

which he represents and a good deal of the thing called Liberalism with which I have been familiar for a good many years, a difference quite as marked as that which he discerns between the Old and the New Orthodoxy. A good deal of the Liberalism with which we have come in contact has been nothing if not critical. Its representatives have generally been on the war-path; going about with clubs, or tomahawks, ready to pounce upon any unfortunate utterance of an Orthodox pulpit; spending most of their time in exposing the condition and errors of the orthodox theology; assuming their function to be that of telling people what they must not think. Inveighing against sects, they have yet exhibited many of the worst qualities of the sectarian, in insisting that there could be no genuine Liberality except that which bore their label, and in accusing progressive men of other faiths of cowardice and time-serving because they did not separate themselves from their old associations and pitch their tents in the camp of the belligerent "Liberals."

When, with vivid memories of such things in our minds, we read these words of Mr. Gannett, so full of sympathetic insight, of generous—too generous—praise, of resolute purpose to put himself in our places and to see things as we see them, we are ready to thank God for a New Liberalism; a Liberalism not so much of dogma as of spirit; a Liberalism of faith and love. single swallow, from which I am predicting summer. The new Liberalism has more than one representative. I have brought this message before you because it is so clear, but there are many who will cry Amen.

Liberal Orthodoxy, says Mr. Gannett, is going to be a vastly larger body and force than its Comeouters. In the great season of history Unitarianism and Universalism will by and by be recognized as premature forms of Liberal Orthodoxy, and then last, as we know it to-day, as but a premature form of the great Liberal movement within Christianity. . . . The smaller should not name the larger. The dawn does not make the day; it marks it, heralds it, ushers it in, announces it. That is what Unitarianism and Universalism have done for the New Orthodoxy. They have been the pioneer force, breaking the paths and bearing the brunt of advance, of attacks, of mistakes, of perils. All honor to them for this. But the pioneers and the vanguard do not win the victory. The great army that follows does that.

How does it make you feel, my brethren, to hear yourselves hailed across the lines by a voice like that? It is like the Germans playing the Marseillaise and the Frenchmen cheering them. "How lovely are the messengers that preach in the gospel of peace." Doesn't it make you a little ashamed of your own suspicions and fears? Doesn't it make you want to get over the line, and get this man by the hand? And has he not, in his own temper and spirit shown us the way of reconciliation? If we all, with the same openness of mind, the same largeness of sympathy, the same eagerness to find in the beliefs of others the values that they find in them, would study the religious theories of those with whom we suppose ourselves to differ—how soon would reconciliation come! And this I must tell Mr. Gannett, and with a full heart I say it—that while we are deeply touched by his testimony concerning the good that he finds in the New Orthodoxy, we are perfectly sure that there is no good thing with which, by any stretch of charity, we can be credited which is more precious or more needful for bringing in the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, than the spirit which breathes through every line of this beautiful address. Whose spirit this is, we know; and we can have no worthier wish for ourselves than that it may descend upon us and abide with us, forever.

God has written His religion in the heart, for growing wisdom to read perfectly, and time to make triumphant.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER II.

The Murder of Abel.

We come now to another kind of story. I have to tell you about two brothers in that far away time, thousands and thousands of years ago, not long after Adam and Eve had been cast out of the Garden of Eden. The whole earth was before these two people —Adam and Eve. There was room enough and to spare. The whole country was there for them to travel over; only now they knew what it was to be tired. Now at last they understood what it meant to be obliged to work harder than they ever worked before; to go on toiling when they needed rest; they knew now what it was, at times, to be hungry and not have enough to eat. They were only too glad to get anything they could find, even if it were not sweet to the taste.

We can imagine how they must have talked together of that Garden; at times perhaps they went back near the gates longing to enter there once more, until they saw the flame of the sword and knew that it was hopeless. They must have talked of the evils they had been guilty of, and kept wishing and wishing they had not done it. But it was too late. The only thing left for them now to do was to go forth and earn their bread in the sweat of their faces, as the Lord had said to them.

And by and by there was a larger home. Children came and were growing up around them; sons and daughters who had never been in the Garden of Eden, and may have known little about it,—because, I fancy, that the father and mother no longer liked to talk about it in the presence of their children. It was all different now. They were clothed somewhat as we wear clothes nowadays.

But by and by two of their sons grew up into manhood. They were strong fellows, and brave in their ways. They had been obliged to work hard in order to help their father and mother to earn their living, in getting enough to eat and in providing for the needs at home. They knew what it was to feel the chill of the cold and to suffer from the heat. They sighed for the rays of the sun in the night time, and shrank from its rays by day. And yet some happiness was coming back to the father and mother in the delight they felt in their home and their children. Even if there was trouble for them now, and hard work, hunger and cold, yet they had their home and their little ones. And I suppose they were hoping that their sons and daughters would grow up into manhood and into womanhood, and be brave and good and not be guilty of wrong in the way they had been guilty themselves.

Now and then they were still aware of the presence of their Lord, the Ruler of the World. If he laid any commands upon them, they tried hard enough not to disobey. And they hoped that their little ones would learn the commands laid upon them and not always expect to do just as they pleased. Can you fancy what sort of a home they must have had—Adam and Eve and their children—when there were no other people on the earth? They had to take care of themselves in all sorts of ways; make their own clothes; build their own homes; prepare their own food. Not only that, but there were dangers all around them. They knew now what it was to be afraid in the dark, as the wild animals went roaming by.

But still they wanted to keep the friendship of their Great Master, even if he had cast them out of the beautiful Garden of Eden. They knew they had been to blame, because they had disobeyed. And in those times, as you know, they used to think that the way to please their Ruler who had made them was to build altars and make offerings there. They wanted to show their readiness to give up their wilfulness and to obey. They had had enough of doing just altogether as they pleased, and they were only too anxious to prove that they knew how to give up what they cared for, and to make "sacrifices," as we say. And so they would build an altar of stone and they would bring offerings there from time to time; it might be the fruits which they had gathered; it might be what they had taken from the soil which they had tilled; or it might be from their flocks or herds, the sheep or cattle which they owned.

I am telling you all this because it belongs to the story of those two brothers, one of them named Cain and the other Abel. They were not alike, because people are never alike. Each person has his own nature, his own way of doing things, his own feelings, his own character. Then, too, some persons behave in one way, and others in another, as you know. Some people will get angry, but control themselves and not speak; others will get angry and speak it out and hurt people's feelings. Some have more bad feelings than others. There is no way of telling quite what a boy or girl is going to be. It all depends so much on themselves.

And these two boys, as we have said, were not at all alike. They were not bad, exactly; but one of them was given to getting angry every now and then. It may be that both of them had these feelings at times; but if so, the one whose name was Abel somehow kept his feelings to himself and did not allow them to control him. When something went wrong and he felt like saying something wicked, or striking some one against whom he was angry, he would go away by himself, perhaps, until the feeling within him had quieted down. And as he grew older, he found that the feeling of anger did not come to him as often; or, if it did come, it was easier and easier for him to control it,—so that he did not say the evil words on his lips or act in the way he first felt inclined to do.

But I am sorry to say that it was otherwise with Cain, the other brother. As I have said, he was not what you would call quite a bad boy. He was generous and brave, and his father and mother were very fond of him. They knew that he was not selfish and that he was not mean. Then, too, he worked hard in order to help the family, and was never idle. But he had the bad habit of losing his temper, and the father and mother were sorry over this and tried to do all they could to persuade their boy to learn self-control. But he did not seem to care. "What if I do get angry," he said to himself, "I get over it by and by, and they cannot say I am mean or selfish or do not work. Even if I hurt their feelings, I may ask them to forgive me; and they seem to love me just the same."

Yet he knew this was not all quite true. He was aware of the pain he gave in his home. It was just that he would not take the trouble to try to conquer himself. All the while, Adam and Eve were thinking of what they had done themselves in the Garden of Eden, and how they had yielded to temptation and at last been guilty of disobedience and had done wrong. They did not want to talk of this to their boys; but it was always on their minds lest this boy, by and by, should yield to some temptation, and before he knew it, do something awfully bad, as they had done.

As the boys grew up, the father had made Cain a tiller of the ground, because, I suppose, Cain was strong and worked so well. On the other hand, he had made Abel a keeper of sheep. This lad was to tend the flocks, staying with them by night and by day, watching and caring for them, living outdoors in the open country, and being a shepherd.

These boys had been taught by their father and mother that they must respect their Lord, the one who had made that beautiful Garden of Eden of which the children had been told. And so from time to time they made their offerings on the altar built by Adam and Eve. Now, their father and mother had told the boys when they grew up that for some reason they should make these offerings from the flocks of sheep and not from the fruits of the ground. They gave no reason why; they simply told the boys to do this and to obey. It may be that Adam and Eve wanted in this way to teach Cain how to control himself and to learn to "give in."

But as the two boys grew up to manhood, Cain being a tiller of the soil, as you remember, it somehow rankled in his mind that it was not fair that the offerings on the altar should be from the flocks of sheep, when he had no sheep and was a tiller of the soil. He did not say anything about this or talk it over with his mother or father, or ask the reason for it. He just kept brooding over it and got more and more worked up, until finally he made up his mind that he was not going to stand it any longer. He said to himself, "I will do as I please. If I am a tiller of the soil, I will make my offerings from the fruits of the soil, and Abel can make his offerings from his flocks as a shepherd."

It was awfully sad, when we come to think of it, that the father and mother knew nothing of all this. They had hoped in this way to teach their boy self-command; now it was all working the other way. At last, Cain went to the altar and laid on it the fruits of the earth. He knew down in his heart that it was not a true offering. He was well aware that it was make-believe. But it was all the same to him; he was going to do just as he pleased. All the while, however, he was angry in his heart. We can imagine him as he must have gone around in those days, thinking within himself how he would do just as he pleased and make his offering in his own way. On the other hand, Abel, who had gradually learned how to control himself and to obey, had gone and made his offering from his sheep by sacrificing one of them on the altar.

By and by Cain came back to the altar and saw the offerings there. He knew perfectly well that he had done wrong; that he had acted in a spirit of anger; that what he had placed there was not the true offering at all. It was not the kind he had been commanded to make. At the same time he saw there on the altar the offering of Abel, his brother, and he knew that Abel had done what was right. Then, somehow, he began to feel jealous and grew more and more angry. Instead of going and changing his offering, as he ought to have done, he went out and sought his brother and found him among the flocks not far away.

And then he poured out all the angry feelings in his heart; he was jealous and he expressed his dislike very strongly, although all the while being really ashamed and feeling mean because he knew he himself was really to blame. Then, all of a sudden, he struck Abel a blow, and his brother fell to the ground. He looked and saw his brother lying there perfectly still; he leaned over; there was no sign of life. It was Abel, his brother—his own brother Abel! And as he looked, all the anger in his heart began to melt away, and he grew pale. He watched the still face; but there was no sign of life. He stared at the great dark spot there on the white face where he had struck the blow; and at last it dawned on his mind what he had done. In his anger he had killed his own brother Abel!

Then he arose from his knees, knowing that he had been guilty of murder. He looked around him; there

was nobody by. He looked up into the sky as if he sought some one there. But the sky was empty; he saw only the blue dome overhead. He heard a sound as if some one were coming nearer; but it was only the sound of the sheep near by. He put his hand to his forehead and it was cold and moist to the touch, although the bright, clear, warm sun was shining everhead.

Then he looked down again at his brother. Still Abel did not move. Then Cain began to tremble; he was shaking from head to foot. He reached out his arms as if to take hold of something to help him; but there was nothing for him to take hold of. There he was, alone with the body of his brother whom he had murdered. Then, at last, he too understood what it was to have been guilty of evil. Sad for him it was that he had not known or understood all the while in his earlier days whenever he had given way to anger, that it would bring him to worse evil at last, great and bitter evil. Whenever he had lost his temper he had been guilty of evil. But, as we have said, he had always overlooked that. And when the anger was gone, he had behaved kindly and bravely and unselfishly in the home, so that it had never even crossed his mind that he would at last strike his brother in this way.

What was he to do? He looked down again, and then looked around him once more. He did not know how to act. Suddenly he said to himself: "I must fly. I shall be punished. I have been guilty of murder." And he started to run, and went on running and running for dear life, as if he would run on in that way forever. He wanted to get away from himself—get away from the thought of what he had done. At last, when he could run no more, he stopped and stood still. It was no use. He had done it. There was no getting away from that awful deed. Then all at once he thought he heard a voice, as if it were the voice of the Lord, the Ruler of the World, saying to him: "Where is Abel, thy brother?"

Can you fancy the feelings of Cain at this moment? Can you imagine that frightened expression as he stood there staring into space, listening to those awful words? And how do you suppose he would answer? He had been brave, as we say; he had not known before what it was to be afraid. His father and mother had admired him for his courage. They knew he could always take care of himself, and, if need be, take care of them. It seemed almost at times as if the wild animals themselves were afraid of him, so fearless he was, so daring!

But at this moment he felt that if some one were to just touch him with a finger, he would drop. As he heard those words, fear stole over him as it had stolen over his father and mother in the Garden of Eden; and he told a lie, saying: "I know not—am I my brother's keeper?" Then for a moment he was at peace. He felt himself safe. In former times it had never quite crossed his mind that he could escape from danger through a lie; but at this moment it seemed to him the easiest thing in the world. All he thought he had to do was just to deceive and he would be safe. But this feeling of security did not last long. He did not have to wait for the reply of that voice to what he had said. His heart sank within him; for he knew then that even if he had told a lie, he could not make it as if he had not been a murderer. It was just as if something within himself spoke, as he heard a voice saying to him again: "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

It was an awful moment for poor Cain. At first I suppose we would have had a feeling of horror in regard to him; he had been guilty of such an awful crime; he had slain his brother! Yet now, at the moment when he heard that voice, I fancy we should have pitied him. We too would shrink from the curse which followed, as that voice continued: "And now, cursed art thou from the ground which hath opened her mouth and received thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tilleth the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee its strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth."

And Cain, as he heard these words, fell to the ground. He was no longer able even to stand. There was no hope ahead for him. Everything was black and desolate and dreary; nobody to care for him; nobody to love him! He feared that even his own father and mother would cast him out. If he met his other brothers anywhere else, they would look upon him with loathing; yes, they might even turn and kill him. He felt that they would not want to have him alive on the face of the earth. He saw himself wandering everywhere, trying to hide from any one who might see him. The thought of always being obliged to hide and to shun the faces of his brothers and to live alone, an outcast, was more than he could stand, and he cried out: "My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the ground, and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth; and it shall come to pass that if any of my brothers find me, they shall slay me."

But no; the Lord did not wish that Cain should be put to death. And so a sign was put upon Cain that he was to wear wherever he had to go, directing that no man should lay hands on him; that his life should be spared. And Cain rose up once more as bravely as he knew how, though not the same brave man he had been before. And he went forth alone, away from his home, into another part of the country, where he might no longer have to look upon the faces of his father and mother. He knew that his deed of evil would follow him just the same. But he wanted to spare his home from the shame of his crime.

TO THE TEACHER: In this narrative we have presented to us the consequences following upon the disregard of the most elemental of all duties: The respect for human life. It kindles at once a feeling of horror for murder as a crime and gives to the young mind a keen appreciation of what "wickedness" means. It serves by this means to awaken the latent conscience of the child in leading him to pass ethical judgments on human conduct. Then too the story can also be used to emphasize the sanctity of the family tie in one's horror for the double crime of brother-murder. On the other hand the lesson involves a study in the lesson of self-control, showing to what appalling results the want of such control may lead, if one does not have a guard upon one's self. Keep also in mind the way in which the father and mother were involved in all these consequences because of their disobedience in the Garden of Eden. Show a picture of a possible "altar," so as to give some conception of what the word implies.

MEMORY VERSES: *What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.*

And now cursed art thou from the ground which hath opened her mouth and received thy brother's blood from thy hand; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth.

58 Hours to Portland

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193 So. Clark St., Chicago.

Higher Living. XIX.

How fair you are, my mother!
  Ah, though 'tis many a year
  Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
  And with the glow
  Of long ago.
So gentle, too, my mother!
  Just as of old, upon my brow,
  Like benedictions
Falleth your dear hand's touch;
  And still, as then,
A voice that glads me over-much
  Cometh again,
My fair and gentle mother!

—*Eugene Field.*

I sometimes think that if parents would deal rightly and truly with children about death, from the beginning, some of the fear of it might be taken away. It seems to me that it is partly because death is hushed up and ignored between them that it rests such a burden on the soul; but if children were told, as soon as they are old enough, that death is a part of nature and not a calamatous accident, they would be somewhat strengthened to meet it." —*Howells.*

Just as there comes a sunbeam into every cottage, so comes a lovebeam of God's care and pity for every separate need.
—*Hawthorne.*

Nothing seems more imperative than that where there are children there should be parents to provide for and companion them, until such time as they may become men and women. Indeed, if prolonged infancy is itself suggestive of unique possibilities, it certainly follows that prolonged parenthood is especially significant and imperative. More than this, if we say that human parents and children, no matter what happens, never separate, we but affirm that the spirit of parenthood is a permanently impressive one, and that of childship as permanently receptive. Wide space may separate bodies, and other persons may widely divert attention and companionship, but in the essential family life there is no losing the hold which parents and children have upon each other.

Yet it certainly seems otherwise when death enters in—when, for instance, the child is borne away. But is it so? Who of the whole household is more truly present than just this absent one, abiding yet in all the fond memories and heart throbs of the parental spirit? "Taken from my arms and put in my heart," said a mother, and no parent can lose the unceasing influence of this wonderful translocation of progeny; or, if there be instance in which there is no such heart absorption, it certainly is one of the cruelest perversions of Providence imaginable.

Certainly the cruelest known, unless we except the instance when, instead of the child, a parent dies. Here, if anywhere, has human nature a right to doubt God's wisdom and goodness, and to feel the inadequacy of human knowledge and skill. That children should be deprived of just the natural kind of protection, companionship and love which only the parent can truly provide is often the source of a terrible doubt that is difficult truthfully to supersede. For, unquestionably, the truth always is that somewhere there has really been a mistake, and it is only as we learn that the mistake is not God's but mankind's that we begin to see that it is humanity's privilege, if not to have obviated this, then, henceforth, to learn how to provide against such sources of sorrow in the future, either on the part of this generation or of subsequent ones. When parents die, it may not always appear that they themselves have been especially to blame; yet, that someone has been, and that this particular death ought not to have occurred, is clear enough. In this connection, Providence is humanity itself, in at least nine-tenths of the instances; and in every case, probably, it would so appear, could we but see far and deep enough.

Yet how often does even this, saddest of all experiences, prove to be a source of the very best influence known. If the child is never essentially separated from its parents, even by the grave, it truly may be said that the parent cannot be abstracted from the child nature by anything, even death. When

The angel with the amaranthine wreath

calls at the home door and leads the parent, and especially the mother, away with him, and there is nevermore response to the childish call, and all is darkly confused in the household, it would seem as though the day of a most hopeless separation had come, and that those who so need to have it otherwise are thus brutally robbed of their best heritage, which is never to be restored.

But is it so? In answer let us go back to a September morning some two score and five years ago. For weeks there had been all the visions of the pale, agonized face, the strain of unnatural quiet, the wonder of the doctor's visits, the ache of unwonted confusion incident to the progress of dangerous disease. And now, upon this peaceful Sabbath morning, there was an unnatural whisper, "Come." Outside the old farm home, floods of sunshine; within, shadows,—the passing Death-angel—a thin, trembling hand of blessing upon a little boy's head—a far-away voice of mortal farewell! Afterwards, in a day or two, the standing of the ministering shepherd by the plain coffin side, with all the people quiet or sorrowing; and then the lifting up for the last shrinking look; and soon, in simplest manner, the following of the long train of neighbors and friends. But here remembrance ceases.

The grave, since visited so many times, must have been there on that very day; but the face had been covered, and the boy had been told that his mother was dead!

As the years passed on, with so much of cheerless burden-bearing and sorrow, there came out from the depths of oblivion certain bright flashes which never failed to assure and comfort;—mother and boy romping under the trees, or building trains and machinery out of convenient odds and ends; a stormy winter's day and both oh! so safe, in a most wonderful house built of chairs, and furnished with ever so many good things; love chats in front of the open fire, or while crooning together in an old-fashioned cradle, for the occasion transformed into a rocking-chair; hours of correction and reproof, one, especially, in which but a look unlocked the whole latent moral sensibility; the first trousers, and a visit to the itinerant daguerreotype gallery; the lullabys and caresses and sweet smiles in spite of pain,—how these all kept returning to the consciousness of the growing child, and how the adult still experiences, as vividly as ever, the sweet blessedness of even so short-lived a mother-and-child companionship.

They said she was dead. I only know that she has always lived, now lives, will live; for her sweet, clear soul inspired me to an eternal certainty that the true mother never, never dies. And I would that the spirit pervasive of this most significant faith may make hallowed and convincing to all the knowledge that the parental soul never ceases from its vital brooding over the children of its travail; and that in this, is the clearest revelation of the best relationship this world can know,—the tri-unity of father, mother, child, bound in one manifestation of eternal love!

Mothers—parents—die out of children's lives? No. So long as life holds the bond of procreation holds, and this is everlasting. Moreover, all their feelings, thoughts and acts constitute a most dynamic *milieu,* in which, and largely according to which, the child formation must proceed. And so, when parents die, then also do their very spirits immortalize themselves in un-

interrupted suffusion of the child-heart and mind. It needs no new embodiment; the child's own impressionable nature is the medium of this, and even though it be something so intangible that it eludes even our appreciation, yet it is so potent withal that no pen can describe its far-reaching influence. Blessed unity of parent and child—manifestation of the one spirit of Universal Love. Into thy daily realization let the sacredness of a most gracious ideality flow unimpeded, until such time as for all mankind there shall be the consciousness that for children of the heavenly parent

There is no death! What seems so is transition,

and that the transition itself is but an unique opportunity for vital transformation, step by step, toward all that is high and pure.

So then, when death robs children of parents, instead of questioning Providence, the other, nobler thought may better be made to occupy their attention—the thought that, if in our ignorance and poor skill, we cannot always obviate untimely death, we certainly should try to do so with ever-increasing success; moreover, that love once incarnated in a child is capable of the most persistent influence; and that we who live can help realize this even by the universalized parenthood of our own lives.

Likewise it is due the children of the bereaved household that not only these simple lessons be exemplified, but that a somewhat different practice concerning the general fact of death be more commonly adopted. No child should be allowed to get lugubrious, terrorizing ideas and feelings about death. When it comes, it should be regarded as a natural event in the course of Providence, so accurate, so wise, so good, that even in the midst of our grief and loss we may grow stronger and more sympathetic and tender toward others, and so, be better able to help all human life in whatever need. The fact is, grief, if natural and worthy of deepest respect, is usually so charged with selfishness that it largely forfeits this truth. No one has a right to impose his sorrow upon others, and especially upon children, beyond the most reasonable limits. As soon as possible let there be a resurrection in our own experience—one which shall show the world that even here we triumph over death by the undying vitality of our spirits. If we do this, children will learn to look upon death as a tender, heaven-like occasion for culture in the Higher Living, which has its roots in a trust, not in a special providence which must necessarily favor the few at the expense of the many, but in the one grand, general Providence which has so ordered and conducted things that all may surely learn the best lessons, get inspiration, have true fellowship, and eventual self-realization—in fact, the child-spirit formed within.

Yes, up from the awe and dreariness and sadness of the home death-hour let there ever arise the shining snow-white angels of perfect trust, of brave up-looking and up-reaching, even of joy, in the love and pity wherewith He hath regarded us. Like a dove the spirit of peace and holy energy will then settle upon our heads, and our songs shall even here be of praise and exultation!

SMITH BAKER.

Great works are but small ones greatly done.

Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind.

And work, and sleep not: for the night cometh wherein no man can work!

Arise, thou son of Adam, son of Time; make this thing more divine, and that thing, and thyself, and all things.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A New Contribution to Canadian History.*

The ill-fortune which attended Arnold's Expedition has been so enlarged as to include the writer of this interesting and valuable monograph, who died in 1897 at the age of thirty-four, when he had finished the writing of his book, but had not revised it for the press. Friendly hands have made up the lack as best they could. It is much as if Mr. Codman had resolved to add a volume to Parkman's Canadian histories and had gone about it much in Parkman's way, following on foot or in canoe the route of Arnold's army through the Kennebec, Dead River and Chaudiere valleys, making a careful study of Quebec and its environs, and also following the route taken by Montgomery over Lake George and Lake Champlain to Montreal. Apart from this personal observation, the main sources of the book were certain journals, the number of which at Mr. Codman's disposal is eloquent of the journalizing habit of the time. Some twenty were at hand, or were hunted up, and they proved mutually supporting to a remarkable degree. They enabled Mr. Codman to check the statements of English and American historians and to make a consistent narrative of a series of painful and tragical events. His task had for him the attraction of comparative oblivion. The miserable failure of the expedition and the cloud which blackened Arnold's reputation had conspired to remand the story of the expedition to a sphere of silence and contempt. But it deserved better, not only because of the difficulties encountered and the patience and heroism shown, but because of its appeal to our imagination; for, had it been successful, Arnold would have been one of the greatest of our territorial expansionists, adding Canada to the United States. If he does not appear in these pages in a wholly engaging light, he showed no lack of courage and did his best to perform the impossible task that had been set for him. Ambitious, proud and sensitive, we seem to find already in his character and his experience the germs of those poisonous growths which ultimately flowered into the fruitless treason of West Point.

J. W. C.

Our Baby's Journal.*

This is a book which it seems ungracious to criticise, as its avowed object is only to communicate to others like themselves the intimate home joys of two devoted young parents who collaborate in its production. As, however, all printed matter becomes literature, we would suggest the correction in future issues of some palpable slips in English grammar and of various indefensible colloquialisms into which the authors have doubtless been betrayed by the carelessness engendered by diary writing. To pass to more important matters, we should rather doubt the scientific importance of the many data concerning this particular baby's weight, height, etc., at different ages; but the ethical suggestions as to its nurture are excellent and the spirit of the whole sweet and harmonious. In short, we feel sure that as a little one so surrounded grows in wisdom and stature, it will also increase in favor with God and man, as is naturally the case with such well-born children. Of the value of such families to the Republic, there is no question; of the wisdom of publishing their simple annals, other parents similarly situated will have ample opportunity to judge, as we are informed that this is the first of a series of five volumes detailing the histories of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr.

C. S. K.

*Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. By John Codman, 2nd. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1901.

*Our Baby's Journal. M. R. and F. M. Kerr. Edgewood Press, New Haven Conn.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Soon pass the judgments of the hour;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power.

MON.—What wings unto our upward life
Is noble discontent.

TUES.—All we have done, or nobly failed in doing,
Makes for our gain.

WED.—Still from the spirit's essence
All things new meaning win.

THURS.—The hearts we have cherished we lose not in death;
The grave over love hath no power.

FRI.—He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.

SAT.—Life is motion and not rest,
Nor fear I what at last shall be.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

A Cry of the Newsboy.

(News! Sun! or World!)

1.

Cruel the roar of the city ways,
Where life in a myriad errands whirled;
But suddenly up from the jarring maze,
Like a rocket thrown high, went a ringing cry:
New—Sunny—World!
New—Sunny—World!

2.

There wasn't a glimpse of the sun anywhere,
Up through the streets the sea fog curled;
Grim was the light and leaden the air;
The world looked old, yet that voice rang bold:
New—Sunny—World!
New—Sunny—World!

3.

The brisk little crier I could not see,
But I treasured the rocket cry he hurled,
And that, "This is wonderful news to me!
Heigh-ho! is it true? Is it so to you?
A New Sunny World."

—*Edith M. Thomas in Harper's Young People.*

Earning His Way.

America has had many famous sons of St. Crispin. Among the most noted was John G. Whittier. He wrote "The Exile's Departure" at nineteen, when he was working over a last, to earn money to attend an academy. "Going up stairs one day, to my office," writes William Lloyd Garrison, who had been a shoemaker himself, "I observed a letter lying near the door. It contained an original poem. I was anxious to find the author. My post-rider divulged the secret; it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was at work daily, with hammer and lapstone, at East Haverhill, Massachusetts. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving out to see the rustic bard, who sat in the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing." By making shoes, Whittier earned sufficient money to purchase a suit of new clothes and pay for six months at an academy.—*Success.*

Home Co-operation.

The co-operative plan in the home where each and all share in duties and responsibilities is educative. It is manual and technical education, but it is more than both of these, it is early training in attention, concentration and application. It teaches the importance of order and system, a place for everything, a time for the performance of special obligations. It trains the eye and the hand to quick response to the mental message; it gives a poise and self-reliance to character, rendering it easier in all the future to meet life's duties and necessities; but most of all it instills an idea of comradeship and altruism, a spirit of loving helfulness is developed in each and all.—*Dr. Alice B. Stockham.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Specimens of American Domestic Discipline.

(First four Verses Anonymous. Last four by Mayor Joseph Kirkland.)

Billy Bolen jumped out of his bed;
He ran at his sister and cut off her head.
This gave his dear mother a great deal of pain!
Let us hope little Billy won't do it again!

Baby sat in the window-seat;
Mary pushed her into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the area
And mamma held up her forefinger at Mary.

"Where is your brother, Margaret, tell!"
"Mother, I pushed him into the well."
"Very unkind of you, Margaret, really.
I thought you loved your brother dearly!"

Sammy got a lucifer match,
He set it alight in a farmer's thatch:
Soon barn, hay and horses were ashes and dust
And Sammy's papa turned away in disgust.

Grandpa had gold in the brass-nailed trunk;
Grandpa gave Harry some—Harry got drunk,
Then to get more the trunk Harry broke into
And grandpa said Harry ought to be spoken-to!

"Oh, look if you please, Marster Jonathan, marm,
He's bitten a piece right out of my arm!"
"Oh, dear!" cried the mother, in accents wild,
I hope it won't disagree with the child!"

Darling sticks carving-forks into poor James:
Darling calls Grandmamma horrible names;
Darling can't have any dessert, that's clear—
(Aside) Unless he screams loud when there's company here!

Much has been said and more has been sung
Of the open ingenuousness of the young:
But we own we'd like better the infant democracy
Were it endued with the grace of hypocrisy!
Let's have a new motto inscribed on our banners—
If we can't have good *morals*, let's strive for good *manners*.
Copied at Tower Hill, Sept. 20, 1901. C. S. K.

Keokuk, Iowa. Adolph Rossbach was inducted into his ministerial service by an impressive ordination at the Unitarian Church of this place on Thursday evening, October 10. The pretty church was filled to overflowing. The sermon and ordaining prayer were given by the editor of UNITY. Miss Gordon gave the right hand of welcome. Mr. Judy, out of his twenty years' experience, charged the young man to seek the way of manliness in his ministry, and Miss Safford called the congregation to their duties.

State Conferences. It was the privilege of the editor of UNITY to catch a glimpse of two Unitarian state conferences last week: the Illinois rallied at Sheffield, the Iowa met at Davenport. In both cases the interest was centered on large topics and the people cheered their ministers when they led them in search of the fundamentals. The religion of character and the ministry of culture have great possibilities of leadership.

Shelbyville, Illinois. Our friend, Jasper Douthit, has been celebrating his sxty-seventh birthday. His whole lifetime has been given to the redemption of the community into which he

was born and with which he still resides. A local paper gives generous recognition of his triumphs even when the triumphs were measured by the hatred he provoked. During the war he was threatened by the Knights of the Golden Circle. Since the war he has been hated as a prohibition "crank." His place in the religious world, judged by most of his neighbors, has been a questionable one, but all along he has been "honest Jasper," "earnest Jasper," and as the years go and the hairs whiten he becomes more and more the "blessed Jasper" to all his neighbors, and his neighborhood circle is steadily widening.

The cost of sugar; who pays for it? If the following figures offered by Willett & Gray, sugar statisticians of New York City, are reliable, they point an ethical as well as an economical lesson. What is that lesson? Who will interpret it?

"As a good deal has recently appeared in print regarding the consumption of sugar in this country, the various sources from which it is obtained, the amount of duty paid thereon, etc., the following facts and figures will, we believe, be of interest to your readers:

"The total consumption of sugar in the United States last year was 2,219,847 tons, and based on the average increase of 6.34 per cent during the past nineteen years, the consumption this year should be 2,360,585 tons. Of this quantity 1,000,000 tons, in round figures, will come from American sources—say, Louisiana being able to produce 350,000 tons; United States beet factories, 150,000; Hawaii, 350,000, and Porto Rico, 150,000, all being free of duty—leaving 1,360,585 tons to come from other sources and on which duty is paid. The average duty assessed is $36 per ton, or a total of $48,981,060. The price of all the sugar consumed, however, being enhanced to the extent of the duty of $36 per ton, or a total of $84,981,060, it is evident that $36,000,000 additional is paid by the people in order to provide the government with $49,000,000 for revenue, of which the government is not now in need. If the duty is taken off Cuba sugar, the benefit of $85,000,000 goes to the people.

"On October 8 the quotation for Cuba centrifugal sugar, 96 degree test, free on board Cuba, was 1.96 cents per pound; duty on same amounts to 1.685 cents, equivalent to 86 per cent advalorem."

Foreign Notes.

ARE THE SALOONS AN EVIL?—Occasionally the United States does figure in the pages of the *Revue de Morale Sociale;* though not as often by far as one might wish. Could we think that the lack of American co-operation in the work of the *Revue* arose from the fact that our land is happily free from the evils it combats and untroubled by any of the problems, economic and social, that it is studying, one might derive a certain satisfaction from the rare occurrence of any mention of our country in its pages. Even then, however, it might be pertinent to inquire whether a land so favored had nothing to impart in the way of suggestion, counsel and experience. As a matter of fact, we know only too well that the United States is not an absolutely earthly paradise; that, on the whole, the same great problems of good and evil must be worked out here as elsewhere, and that in the work of social reform solidarity is strength.

The temperance question, or, as our foreign friends perhaps more appropriately call it, "alcoholism," is one of these great, universal questions pressing upon the attention of the thoughtful and the earnest in every land. In the September number of the *Revue* Albert Schinz, professor of romance languages at the college of Bryn Mawr, presents an extended and rather remarkable article on the question of the "saloons" in the United States. The reader perceives pretty clearly from the beginning of this article that it is the study of a foreigner among us, rather than that of a native-born American, but this does not necessarily detract from its value or suggestiveness.

The saloon question, he says, came into renewed prominence over here last winter, thanks to the unfortunate achievements of Mrs. Carrie Nation. After briefly recalling the great temperance movement in the middle of the last century, which gave rise to prohibitory legislation in Maine and Kansas and created the Prohibition party, he points out that subsequent indifference and neglect to enforce the prohibitory laws have given occasion for the action of fanatics like Mrs. Nation. It is unfortunate, he thinks, that so many temperance societies in America are composed almost exclusively of women, who from the very nature of the case cannot study the saloon question on the spot, and so more readily give way to outbursts of passion against these institutions, of which they see only the evil effects. This danger does not exist for men, who can see and judge for themselves.

As illustrative of the serious investigations that have been made of late years into the nature and influence of American saloons, he cites conclusions drawn from Mr. Riis's "How the Other Half Lives," and Mr. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago." Both these writers distinctly recognize the place which the saloon fills in the life of the laboring man quite apart from its service as a purveyor of drinks. The greater part of Mr. Schinz' study, however, is devoted to two papers by Mr. Melendy in the *American Journal of Sociology* of last November and January, which form part of a report prepared right here in Chicago by a committee of fifty organized for a study of means of counteracting the baleful influence of the saloons.

The first of Mr. Melendy's articles was an investigation of what the saloons really are; the second, a study of what has already been done in the way of providing substitutes for the saloon. The following is Mr. Melendy's definition of a saloon: An institution which arose and has been developed among the people not merely for the dispensing of certain drinks and wares, but to meet other necessities of life, needs which it alone can supply, or which it at least meets better than any other institution. The free lunch with no implication of a charity and the quarters well warmed, well lighted and well furnished in comparison with anything in the way of a social meeting place that could be procured for a much greater expenditure elsewhere, are pointed out as two indisputable elements in the power and influence of the saloon, with which none of the proposed or attempted substitutes thus far can at all compete.

Fraternal organizations, gymnastic associations, singing societies, trades unions, boys' clubs, pleasure clubs, church organizations, social settlements, billiard-rooms, lodging-houses, lunch-counters, young people's Christian unions, etc., are all passed in review and their inadequacy as substitutes for the saloon is pointed out.

Prof. Schinz finds the first article by Mr. Melendy very clear and convincing; the second, on the contrary, long drawn out, tedious, painful and often little to the point. In the United States at least, it seems to Prof. Schinz, we are the sport of a word. The term *saloon* is a kind of terrible spectre striking terror to the soul of those who use it. Let us try to be less superstitious. In Europe, Germany and France, for instance, the café is not necessarily an evil resort; it is only in England and America that the saloon has been abandoned to those who have nothing to lose in credit or reputation and therefore exploit it without scruple. Instead of seeking partial and inadequate substitutes, why not reform the saloons themselves, keeping and perfecting them?

The evil is at the top of the social ladder, not at the bottom. We attack the workmen who frequent the saloons, while it is really the financiers who are responsible. Make the men who draw such revenues from the saloons that they can afford to give free lunches daily to 60,000 persons without materially diminishing their revenue, make them feel the responsibility of the rich and of those gifted with a talent for directing affairs. It has been so often said as to seem a truism, but is so true that it may be said again: The avidity for gain, the transformation of the intellcetual part of America into money-making machines—this is the evil. What might not be accomplished in so rich a country if there but reigned there more of a spirit of brotherhood.

Prof. Schinz' view will unquestionably seem rank heresy to adherents of the W. C. T. U., and his dream of reforming the saloon may seem to many not less utopian and impossible of realization than the enforcement of prohibition, but the saloon problem is so great and pressing a one that suggestions and light on it are welcome from any quarter.

M. E. H.

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